

A handmade gift

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/21197024) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/21197024>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter , Will Graham
Additional Tags:	Kinktober 2019 , Murder Husbands , Will has a new hobby , Hannibal gets a gift , mentions of oral sex , real live sex pollen are a thing
Language:	English
Series:	Part 27 of Hannigram Kinktober 2019
Stats:	Published: 2019-10-27 Words: 1,196 Chapters: 1/1

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by [Silvaxus](#)

Summary

27. **Sex Pollen** / Distracted Sex / Xenophilia

Will Graham was a lot like the strays he picked up from the street, Hannibal knew this and it never failed to make him smile because it showed how wild and untamed Will was. Which was the reason Hannibal said nothing when Will started to leave his things at Hannibal's house or...started to built himself spaces of his own in Hannibal's house.

Notes

My Beta for this fic is my friend and sister in trouble [Imoshen](#)

Hot House = Green House, the pleasure of English x.x

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Hannibal stood in the backyard of his house and watched Will work. Will had slowly started to make himself at home in Hannibal's house and Hannibal left it uncommented but sometimes items were replaced by finer things. Which was something Will left uncommented.

What surprised Hannibal the most was when Will started to find homes for his pack of strays until only Winston remained behind. The boy stayed with his master and even Hannibal had grown fond of the well-behaved dog. The dog hair in the house could be overlooked, even by Hannibal.

While Will still held onto his house in Wolf Trap, he spent more of his time now with Hannibal in Baltimore.

When winter passed and spring came with force over the country, Will had asked if he could build something in the backyard.

He hadn't been looking at Hannibal while he asked but stared at the screen of his laptop.

"As long as you clean up behind yourself; the backyard is yours."

Will had given Hannibal a small smile that offered more words than any spoken syllable could manage.

What followed were two weeks of Will working in the backyard or being on the run to get supplies; Winston dutifully by his side.

It was day Tuesday when suddenly Jack Crawford stood in Hannibal's office.

"Jack, what a surprise. I was about to close everything for the day and drive back home. Please, come in."

The stoic agent nodded and walked into Hannibal's office.

"I won't bother you for long, Hannibal. I just wanted to know if everything is alright with Will."

Blinking, Hannibal went over the last weeks and held them up against Will and his recent behavior and attitudes...and found nothing to worry about.

"Not that I'm aware of that there is something wrong with him these days, not more than usual. Why do you ask, Jack?"

The agent frowned and Hannibal got the impression that Jack felt silly just by standing in Hannibal's office.

"He asked for two weeks' leave, rather sudden and out of the blue, and I just wanted to make

sure that everything is alright. I have been out to Wolf Trap but his house looks as if he hadn't been there in weeks."

Another check of Hannibal's mental calendar showed that it had been almost three weeks since Will had left him for a night in Wolf Trap.

"He hasn't been there because he spends most of his free time at my house. I wasn't aware he took some time off but I think it has something to do with his current project. Will is building something in my backyard."

Now Jack frowned and Hannibal picked up on his mistake; Jack didn't know about the...more intimate relationship between Will and Hannibal.

"Will has a backyard of his own, why is he using yours?"

Shrugging, Hannibal gathered his belongings and draped his coat over his arm.

"He asked and I saw no reason to decline. Some time off work will be good for Will and I hope you'll respect his wish to spend some time away from the academy and the FBI, Jack."

The parted after Hannibal's words.

Once back at home, Hannibal noticed that the house looked like it should, pristine and clean, but when he walked out into the backyard, he found Will working in the last rays of sunlight. Dressed in dirty jeans, working boots and a tank top that had seen better days but...he looked happy, content, relaxed.

Closing the distance between them, Hannibal finally saw the first outlines of what Will was building.

"You are building a hot house."

Will turned around and smiled at Hannibal with streaks of dirt on his face.

After Will's two weeks were over, the hot house was finished.

Not big by most standards but big enough that Will asked Hannibal to find a suitable table and two chairs to place them inside of it.

The biggest surprise to Hannibal were the flowers Will picked to let them grow in his hot house.

Damascene Roses filled the long side of the hot house with their blossoms in soft white brushed in soft rosy notes to blossoms coloured in vibrant magenta and everything between.

The air was saturated with the heavy scent of the roses which were famous for their strong and unique scent. It was said that the scent could be considered to have the effect of a strong aphrodisiac while the petals of the roses could be used to make rose water and the essence

from the stems could be used to make heavenly scented oils and essences.

The flowers still needed to dig their roots deep into the soil but Hannibal could already see their beauty spreading and making themselves home in the hot house Will had built for them.

“This...this is beautiful, Will.”

Will’s smile was shy but his hands were strong when he dragged Hannibal into a small aisle he had built into the hot house and which wasn’t visible when you walked right in.

“You said you dread the winter because you can’t get rose water or something like this in the right quality to create your art. I thought having a hot house of your own would solve this problem. Building the house was easy compared to the time I spend to find the right kind of roses. The Damascene Roses seemed to be the most fitting for what you need them for...and I liked their scent the most when I checked several market gardens.”

Looking over at Will and away from the roses, Hannibal found Will framed by more roses, their petals of a soft and pure white. A harsh contrast to Will’s own wildness, the soft and breakable petals of such exquisite roses.

Stepping up to Will, Hannibal lifted Will’s head up with a finger under his chin and made it obvious that he was scenting him.

Will, his aftershave, small traces of Winston, roses.

A wild beast in a field of flowers, that was his Will.

“Thank you, Will.” Hannibal spoke against Will’s throat before he placed a kiss on the pulse he could see beating under warm skin.

Will moaned and the sound vibrated through his skin. Rough hands found their way into Hannibal’s hair and Will used his grip to keep Hannibal where was currently leaving obvious marks on Will’s skin.

“I...I was told that the scent of the Damascene Rose is considered to be a strong aphrodisiac...”

Biting down on the soft skin between shoulder and neck not covered by Will’s shirt, forced Will to stop speaking but he pulled Hannibal back by his hair.

When their eyes met, Hannibal noticed Will’s wide blown eyes and smirked.

“True, Will. You’ve built me my own garden full of ambrosia to feed you with.”

Will reached up and picked a single petal from one of the blossoms surrounding them.

“I know from first hand experience that you, Doctor Lecter, have no need for any kind of aphrodisiac.”

Chuckling, Hannibal stepped back to allow Will to unfasten his belt and pants. They were going to make good use of their new garden.

End Notes

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